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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### WOMAN.

Woman! thou best and purest gift to Man,  
Form'd by the Eternal from celestial mould,  
Thou wert angel ere our race began,  
And dwelt obedient in the heavenly fold;  
At his behest, thy native pity felt,  
The weakness of creation's boasted lord,  
And left the skies, to ease his load of guilt,  
And share the wretchedness that on him pour'd.

Thy love, thy guileless love, was given to bless,  
And said its balm into his rugged soul,  
In all the majesty of lovefulness,  
Thou canst alone, his will and wish controul;  
Thy kind office is to soothe the heart,  
To lead with the soft magic of thy eye,  
Thy innocence and truth to those impart,  
An angel's smile, in scenes of misery.

Thy piety is pure as heaven's own flame,  
In true fervour soars unto the skies;  
While selfish man pursues the bubble game,  
Unknown, thy charitable deeds arise;  
Devotion ever found an advocate,  
From mean hypocrisy and evil free,  
Humanity in thy breast innate,  
And oves its benefits alone to thee.

Dare we aspire beyond to bright a boon  
Which heaven has granted for our sad here,  
Or seek for fame that vanishes so soon,  
And quickly leaves our expectations dear,  
When woman's smile repays each anxious thought,  
And turns to joy, the bitter cup of woe;  
In angel with eternal goodness fraught,  
Who came to cheer man's gloomy lot below.

ORASMUN.

### LINES.

How sweet to muse on years gone by,  
On youthful days,  
When every scene unclouded lay,  
Before the young and ardent eye,  
And fed its strict admiring gaze.

When sadness never o'er the heart,  
Had spread its wings,  
Nor Eury's rank envenom'd dart,  
Had there infus'd a gallant sting.

And made it swell in murmurs,  
A ray of joy gleam awhile,  
When such a thought  
Expands the breast; and then we smile  
As sports and pleasures infantile  
Before the harassed mind are brought.

We feel as tho' we were again  
Both young and gay,  
And for a while forget our pain,  
When Fancy, heedless of the rein,  
Recalls each pleasant, happy day.

CIREX.

### THE BRIDE.

I saw her on the bridal day,  
In blushing beauty dress'd,  
Smiles o'er her lips were seen to play,  
Like gilded gleams at dawn of day,  
The fairest of the guest;

Her cherry cheek and azure eye,  
Riv'd the rose-bud and the sky;  
Her undulating ringlets roll'd;  
O'er beds of snow like waves of gold;  
And now a sigh broke from her breast,  
Like lullow rise and roll to rest;  
And now a tear stole from her eye,  
And mingled with her softer sigh;  
Now with'd it not, now with'd it here,  
And blush'd to think the hour so near;  
Then silent sat and nothing said,  
In noble negligence array'd.

I saw her to the altar led,  
But ah, no lover came,  
From blasted beauty far befled,  
And strew'd with thorns the rosy bed—  
The bridal night was shame.

The blush that ting'd her beautiful face,  
The smile that shed the shadowy gloom,  
The rosy cheek and radiant eye,  
That rival'd roses and the sky,  
Have perish'd; and those golden gleams,  
But serv'd to haunt the moan's dreams;  
Those undulating locks that roll'd,  
O'er breasts of snow like waving gold,  
Have with'd float on the wind,  
In triumph o'er a maiden's mind;  
The crystal cascade of her tears,  
Has roll'd to rest with sighs and fears;  
Those ruby lips of ripening hue,  
Have breath'd the ling'ring last adieu;  
And now she sleeps in yonder grave,  
Where softly steals the winding wave.

MILFORD BARD.

### THE VISION.

The sun had sunk, and night darkened the sky,  
And the moon, she shone bright from her place  
On high,  
All nature in silence was hushed,  
As I stood on the bank of a stream which flows  
Through a city—sleep came; I thought to repose,  
And I laid me down on the bank of the rill,  
And thought could I hear, for all nature was still  
But the stream, as onward it rushed.

While here I lay, gentle sleep closed my eyes,  
And I dreamt that a youth appeared from the  
skies,  
And he lit on the ground before me,  
With a quiver of arrows slung on his back,  
He seemed to be walking a new made track,  
But he soon stopped short, and from his shoulder  
He took an arrow, no mortal looked bolder,  
Which he plac'd in his bow expertly.

Now the fatal string with a firm hand he drew,  
And the arrow sped, for the archer was true,  
Which hit, and so pierc'd through my heart;  
The soul drew another and passed in his bow.

And to which he gave a more dexterous throw;  
It hit a maid whom I had not seen till then,  
As she tripp'd away o'er her favourite glen,  
And the sight was as she look'd on the dart.

I mark'd her fair form and her still fairer face,  
Till her form was lost in the distance of space,  
I turned to the youth but he had gone,  
And had just left the earth on which he had trod,  
But I saw on his back he was "Love's own God,"  
I laugh'd and awoke, I arose from my bed,  
And I looked around but the vision had fled,  
And the light in the east show'd 'Twas morn.

PROPERTIUS.

### MATINS TO MARRY BY.

Addressed to single gentlemen.

A late number of Blackwood's Magazine, contains a light and amusing article under the above title. We have not room for all the maxims which the writer addresses to the single gentlemen on the all-important subject of marriage, but we have extracted a few of them for the edification of our readers.

Now, in making marriage, we in making love—and indeed in making most other things—the beginning of it is the great difficulty. But the French proverb about beginning—"C'est le premier pas qui coûte"—goes more literally to the arrangement of marriage, as our English well illustrates the condition of love—"The first step over, the rest easy." Because in the marrying affair, it is particularly the "first step" that costs—and to your cost you will find it if that step happens to go the wrong way. And most men, when they go about the business of wedlock, owing to some strange delusion, begin the affair at the wrong end. They take a fancy to the white arms—(sometimes only to the kid gloves)—or to the neat foot of a peculiar school girl; and conclude from these premises, that she is just the very woman in the world to scold a household of servants, and to bring up a dozen children!—this is a convenient deduction, but not always a safe one.

White arms, and neat feet, bring me, naturally, at once, to the very important consideration of beauty. For, don't suppose because I caution you against all disqualifications, that I want to fix you with a worthy creature, whom it will make you extremely ill every time you look at. For the style of attraction, please yourselves, my friends. I should say a handsome figure—if you don't get both advantages is better than a merely pretty face. Good eyes are a point never to be overlooked. Fine teeth—full, well proportioned limbs—don't cast these away for a single touch of the small pox; a mouth something too wide; or dimples rather deeper on one side than the other.

It may, at some time, be a matter of consideration, whether you shall marry a maid or a widow. As to the taste, I myself will give no opinion—I like both; and there are advantages and disadvantages peculiar to either. If you marry a widow, I think it should be one whom you have known in the lifetime of her husband; because, then—*ad acta ad passum*—from the sufferings of the defunct, you may form some notion of what your own will be. If her husband is dead before you see her, you had better be off at once; because she knows (the jade!) what you will like, though she never means to do it; and, depend upon it, if you have only one inch of *penchant*, and trust yourself to look at her three times, you are tickled to a certainty. Marrying girls is a nice matter always; for they are as cautious as crows plundering a corn-field. You may "stalk" for a week, and never get near them unperceived. You hear them romping, as you go up stairs into the drawing-room, louder than thunder; but it stops—as if by magic! the moment a (marriageable) man puts his ear to the key hole. I don't myself, I profess, upon principle, see any objection to marrying a widow. If she upbraids you at any time with the virtues of her former husband, you only reply—that you wish he had her with him, with all your soul.

In widow living, it may be a question whether you should marry the widow of an honest man, or a rascal. Against the danger, that the last may have learned ill tricks, they set the advantage—she will be more sensible (from the contrast) to the kindness of a gentleman and a man of honour. I think you should marry the honest man's widow; because, with women, habit is always stronger than reason.

But the greatest point, perhaps, to be aimed at in marrying, is to know, before marriage, what it is that you have to deal with. You are quite sure to know this, fast enough, afterwards. Be sure, therefore, that you commence the necessary requisitions before you have made up your mind, and not as people generally do, after. Remember there is no use in watching a woman that you love; because she can't do any thing—do what she will—that will be disagreeable to you. And still less, in examining a woman that loves you; because, for the time, she will be quite sure not to do any thing that ought to be disagreeable to you. I have known a hundred perfect gossamer playful wifely creatures, quite more obliging than need be under such circumstances. It is not a bad way—maid or widow—when you find yourself fancying a woman, to make her believe that you have an aversion to her. If she has any concealed good qualities, they are pretty sure to come out upon such an occasion.

In judging where to look for a wife—that is, for the lady who is to form the "raw material" of one—very great caution is necessary. And you can't take any thing better with you, in looking about as a general principle, than that good mothers commonly make tolerably good daughters. Of course, therefore, you won't go, of consideration, to any house where parents are badly connected, or have been badly conducted. Nor, upon any account, at all, into any house where you don't quite feel, that if you don't conduct yourself properly, you'll immediately be kicked out of it. This assurance may be troublesome while you are only a visitor; but, when you come to be one of the family, you'll find it mightily convenient. If you can find any place where vice and folly have been used to be called by their right names, stick to that by all means—there are seldom more than two such places in a parish; and if you see any common school let into a house where you visit as readily as yourself, go out of it immediately.

Be sure, wherever you choose, choose a proud woman. A proudly is a kind of pride; or at least three-fourths of it. No people do a wrong, but in spite of themselves they feel a certain quantity of decent and self-degradation; the more a woman has to forfeit, the less likely she is to forfeit any thing at all. Take the pride, although you have the virtue; the more adornments you get, even on a good bill, the better.

Don't marry any woman under twenty—She

is not come to her wickedness before that time. Nor any woman that has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. A "cast of the eye,"—as the bally casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances—and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated.

Talking of "vision," reminds me of an absurd saying—That such or such a one can "see as far through a mill-stone as those that picked it." I don't believe that any man ever saw through a mill-stone but Jeremy Bentham; and he looked through the hole.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
TO PETER SINGLE.

Permit me, kind or cruel Sir, which ever epithet may suit your disposition, to advise you for the sake of the unmarried, to select out scenes of domestic happiness and point them in a garb calculated to interest the young—by these means you will do more good—and receive more thanks from those who at present sign themselves

A FEMALE CLUB.

P. S. The Club was instituted in the year of 1824, for the purpose of ascertaining the majority or minority of the happiness or unhappiness of our married friends—in pursuit of this laudable purpose we have selected more scenes of a domestic nature, which we will hand over to you, if your dictatorship will undertake the task, and quit abusing that state, to which we all look with the most anxious enquiry.

### THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the Present and Future State.

#### ESSAY II.

"There is yet *unknown* consideration, and this of no small moment, which marks an essential difference between the present life and the future on the score of happiness, and that is the STATE OF SOCIETY OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE."

For that state contributes much either to the increase or diminution of our joys, is a truth which every one must allow, who has lived long enough in the present world to see that he cannot command his associates, and that he is frequently therefore compelled to hold intercourse with those, whose spheres of life clash with his own, and thus disturb his peace. Besides, the very circumstance of living in a world, where, to say the least of it, the light of truth is so frequently darkened by error, and the life of purity defiled by transgression, is of itself a sad counterpoise to the bliss of a sincere Christian, who takes his chief delight in observing the prevalence of evangelical life and principles amongst his fellow men.

But how delightfully will this state of things be changed in that world, in which we are taught to believe that every one is *GATEKEEPER* TO HIS PEOPLE! (see Gen. xiv. 8, 17; chap. xix. 29, 33); in that world, where all are associated to THEIR LIFE, or to those who are of similar dispositions, qualities, and characters with themselves. The *Great Redeemer* therefore speaks of the *NEW MANSIONS* IN HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, (John xiv. 2); to instruct us that in the heavenly kingdom there is an indefinite variety of good, and that every inhabitant enjoys association with those who are principled in good affections harmonizing with his own.

But what human tongue or pen is able to describe the full and complete bliss, which must of necessity result to the sincere Christian from a separation and discrimination which is thus to place him forever in the society of those he most loves, and of those also, from whose examples, precepts, and intercourse, he may hope to be continually making advances in wisdom, purity and happiness?

THE PRESENT STATE of life manifestly is, and was intended to be, a STATE OF TRIAL, which state is to determine whether we are to live hereafter as blessed angels in the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father, or as miserable beings, forever banished from the realms of light and peace.

It is generally asked why the present life is a state of trial, and in what the trial is grounded?—It may be sufficient (in this Essay) to reply, that the present life is a state of trial, because it is the time appointed by the divine providence of the Most High for fixing the determination of our free will, thus for deciding on the directing of our ruling love, that so it may be ascertained what are the chief objects of our regard, God or ourselves. Thus every man here below is under the absolute necessity of living in a state of combat either against *NEEVES*, or against *HELL* (i.e. against his own self-hood and lust, which is hell) because the former is at all times striving to impart to him its own blessed life and light of purity and truth, whilst the latter is at work to plunge him into all its own miserable abominations and delusions.

Adored however be the *Father of Mercies*, who hath ordained that trial and combat are comparatively of short duration, and are then to be succeeded by endless rest and peace! (O! think of this, ye mourning, tempted Christians!) For such is the decisive testimony of *This Most Holy Word*, which accordingly announces to the sincere Christian, that *THAT WHO NOW IN YEARS, SHALL BEAT IN JOY; AND THAT BE THAT BOTH YOUTH AND ZEPHYRUS, BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL BRING THEM AGAIN WITH REJOICING*, (Rom. xxi. 5, 6). Whatsoever then may be the dangers, the difficulties, the perplexities and the sorrows, with which we are beset, annoyed and alarmed in the present world, they are only preparatory and introductory to a new state of things in the eternal world, where *TAKES SHALL BE NO MORE*

WITNESS SORROW MOURNING, SUFFERING, WILL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN; FOR THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY. (Rev. xxi. 4.) Danger is thus to give place to security; difficulty to facility; perplexity to clearness of apprehension; sorrow and suffering, to joy and gratification, whilst every principle opposed to our salvation is constrained to bow down and to confess a Divine Power superior to itself, and ever converting it into an instrument of our bliss.

In my next I shall endeavour to answer the important question which is so often asked. "How shall we think above matter, &c. &c." Yours &c.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Methought I was seated amongst the ruins of Palmyra; the cool night air of the desert blew like a fan over my face, the stars glittered like diamonds in the spotless firmament, and the pale moon just rising, shed her silver light on columns and pillars, the only remains of a once powerful city. A raven perched upon a cluster of date trees, (the only ones that had found root in a spot where the hand of God had scattered desolation,) seemed by his mournful notes, to lament over the dreary waste; save his wild notes, there was naught to disturb the quiet of a place once a sounding with the busy hum of almost countless multitudes.

The scene before me filled my mind with solemn awe; the spirit of melancholy descended upon me, and while meditating upon the fall of empires, the desolation of kingdoms, and the ruin of all that once was great, this enquiry suggested itself to my mind: Why has God permitted these things to be? And I was ready to call in question his infinite goodness and mercy. He has created man, (said I,) the noblest of all his works; given him power upon earth, to subjugate to his will, all other animals; reasoning faculties to enable him to search into the secrets of nature, to choose good, and avoid evil; yet has allowed him to perish, as the beast of the field, his name and his works to pass away as the summer cloud, or the sparkling drop of morning that hangs upon the like perishable leaf. Ere I had proceeded farther in my reverie, I was aroused by a dazzling light that burst upon me like a flashing meteor. I looked up and beheld before me an immortal being—prostrating myself before him, I tremblingly awaited his pleasure. Arise, vain mortal, (said he,) that callest in question the wisdom of the Almighty; cast thine eyes around thee, and tell me what thou seest. I obeyed him, and to my astonishment I beheld, (in place of sandy deserts and mouldering ruins,) smiling plains, meandering streams, and a great and populous city; I turned to him and said, tell me, O immortal spirit, why thou hast shown these wonders to me, or what instruction I am to gain from them. Look again, and thou shalt learn—I looked, and beheld man destroying his fellow being; the spirit of murder, rapine, and plunder, stalked forth from the temples, originally devoted to the worship of God, the heavy hand of the tyrant oppressing the weak and innocent; and when these had gone, others succeeding committed crimes even worse than those that had gone before them. Nature then resumed her former dark and dreary aspect, and the genius thus spoke: For these iniquities has the Almighty Reckoned the works of man—for these has he swept with the destroying smitten, the smiling meads and the bubbling fountains—learn from hence, mortal, not to arrogate his power, his goodness and his mercy, but follow the intimations, of that secret monitor, which he has placed in thy bosom. Go seek again the habits of man, practice the lesson which thou hast been taught, by being permitted to behold what thou hast. Saying thus, he vanished. I started from my slumbers. The vision had fled, but the impression made upon my mind has never been eradicated. In all the trials through which I have passed since then, I have never been tempted to call in question the wisdom of him who created the heavens and the earth; but have looked forward with the hope of sometime possessing that happiness, which he has promised to all those that follow his holy laws.

MENCIUS.

### THE NATURAL BRIDGE, OR A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Gr. at Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendour, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streams of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxious to look forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the view. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity of our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great water road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 33, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give a good description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy, projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The water here runs under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their ever lasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear

their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that nature could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed, from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of time.

A few years since, a young man being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could but triumph, yet his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in that condition, and what was worse his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he placed himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. The life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look down wards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended.

His companions stood at the top of the rocks, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course was now rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy, but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away, on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stood around this seat of grandeur about four hours, but from my own feelings, I should have supposed it not over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature, and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, to throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

### HYMEN AND CYPHER.

Dick Hymen and Ned Cypher, were but coffee-house acquaintances, they had not met for some time, and knew nothing of each other's circumstances—Dick was a man still in the prime of life, with that happy turn of countenance that shows a freedom from care. His dress was neat, and his fresh intelligent face, betokened at once intellect, health and contentment. Coming into the coffee-house, one rainy morning, he found his friend Cypher at a desk, in the act of throwing away his pen, like a man who is vexed with the inefficiency of his powers, or his subject. Poor Ned's face was so much drawn down into the lines of discontented spleen, that he could hardly hammer out a smile for his new friend.

"What art thou at, friend?" said Dick.

"Writing down marriages," quoth the old bachelor.

"And yet," says Dick, surveying the old bachelor from head to foot, "thou art at this very moment the best living argument in favor of marriage that I know of. Thy dress, demeanor, and in fact the whole expression of thy outward and inner man pleads for the strong necessity of being married."

"Are you married?" responded the old bachelor.

"Yes."

"Then how the deuce are you so happy?"

"All women are full of faults, some of them all these, some all but, and some all going to meeting—every one of them has some intolerable fault."

"Let me tell you my story—I have been married three times," said Dick.

"God preserve us," ejaculated the old bachelor, "but I am anticipating."

"In my youth, to begin then, I was told to shun like the pestilence a fashionable woman, a literary woman, and a devotee, and look out for some female into whom had been well whipped the wholesome truth, that the kitchen was the only proper sphere of woman's thoughts."

"And good counsel too," interrupted the old bachelor.

"See how I minded it," said Dick.—"I went to a ball and met the young, handsome and seducing Almeria. I forgot every thing but my fair fashionable, and in a few months married her in the face of the world. Poor Dick's fortune will go like the dew, said my aunt Bridget, the poor creature knows no more about housekeeping than a baby. But Almeria had sense, and if a woman is not a

poor man is safe enough. She kept my house perfectly neat, from an ambition of making a perfect appearance; she kept me from the same error, and knowing that her services only could command attention and pleasure she loved, she was economical even when she seemed most magnificent. My business during her life, was a very temple of taste, and she left me richer than she found me. I was discomfited at her death, but my friends took that time to work upon my softened temper, and married me to an only daughter of a rich miser. She had been educated in the kitchen of her aunt, who kept a large hotel, and had not a wish beyond a venison pasty. When I married her I overvalued the difference of personal charms, between her and Almeria, and tried to weigh the disagreeable feeling which her hands made hard with labor against her domestic qualities. But what was the result?

"Tis true, my dinner was deliciously dressed, but where was the beautiful smell of oil, and elegance to make my friends seem like the fount of the gods? Instead of that, I saw Ann, awkward and dull—the grim and smoke of her congenial element had spoiled her natural pretty skin; she had no pride, and therefore cared neither for my appearance nor her own. Cook-like, she was a glutton, and died of a surfeit of overeating. My present wife is a literary woman, and when I married her, the world prophesied my utter ruin. But Almeria's ruin was not such genuine refinement, not to love order. I have it in me, to pay for a cook, but the advantages are balanced, for I have not to hire a governess for my daughters. I go home now, and find my girls improving, my evening's delight, and my affectionate and intelligent wife appearing perfectly happy in seeing me so."

The bachelor threw away his pen.

"Dick," said he, "you have tried all but the devotee, that is for my turn. I have looked a cool deal at a pretty little saint in the neighborhood, but I am less afraid of the evil one, than of these go-to-meeting females. But I will marry her now directly."

He married the fair Theresa, and she made the best of the form. She had read in the book she loved, that she must take care of her household, and be submissive, and that same enthusiasm, that made her so ardent in poetry, made her so devoted in affection, so that the sweet voice of Theresa, in prayer and praise, soon caused her husband to feel, that poetry may give new grace to beauty, and a new charm to love.

### CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

The invention of the new Cherokee alphabet, (says the N. York Mirror, by G. P. Morris) is one of the most remarkable circumstances which has ever occurred in the history of the Indian tribes of America. The American Calumet, it seems, is an illiterate Cherokee, unacquainted both with the English language and the powers and system of the English alphabet. The language of the tribe, though perhaps the most copious of any Indian dialect on the continent, is wholly composed of the various combinations of about sixty monosyllables. The ingenious savage, after a persevering labour of two years, having ascertained the certain number of these radical particles of his native tongue, invented for each a representative character, and thus formed a complete, and perhaps the only syllabic alphabet in the world. The accomplishment of this among a people so little addicted to inventive study as the savages of our country, is truly astonishing, and proclaims the author of it to be a person of no ordinary mind. During the course of his labour, it is said, his fellow savages often remarked the singularity of his behaviour, in generally sitting apart from his companions, apparently deep in thought, and employed in making marks on the ground. He, however, with true Indian taciturnity, declined speaking to any one of the object of his study till his work was finished. He then took one of his brethren aside, and explained to him his new invention, and ended with saying, "we can now have speaking papers as well as white men." The newly discovered art was seized with avidity by the people of the tribe, and, from the extreme simplicity of the plan the use of it soon became general.

Any one who has in his memory the names and forms of the letters, immediately possessed of the art of reading and writing; and the tribe could be acquired in one day. It is now but two or three years since the discovery was made, and reading and writing has already become so general among the Cherokees, that they not only carry on a correspondence by letter between the different parts of their territory, but are also in the habit of taking receipts and giving promissory notes in affairs of trade. The gentleman from whom we received this information told us, that it is now common, in travelling the lands of the tribes, to see directions for the different paths inscribed on the trees. The inventor of the alphabet adopted a few of our manuscript letters. Those were probably the only ones he knew of, and it is certain, that he was unacquainted with their power, for he gives proof of it, by applying them to sounds wholly different from those they stood for in English. Nearly all his own invention, they are of irregular shape, with sharp and circular turns, and in a body have an appearance somewhat similar to that of short-hand writing. This spontaneous advancement of science will probably effect more towards the civilization of the Cherokees than all the efforts which our countrymen have made, and may be the means of rescuing at least one branch of our aboriginal population from the state of annihilation to which they have long seemed approaching.

### "WILL YOU ENDORSE?"

We pity, ah, sincerely pity, the poor man who had like to have used a word which no polite man would use, and no christian man should use lightly—in other words then, we sincerely pity the man, whoever he is, who is in want of money, and is running about hither and yonder, asking his friends to endorse for him.

"Mr. Wiseman, will you be kind enough to endorse for me, for a small sum of money?" "Endorse me, sir, I never endorse for no man—not even for my grandfather. I think it is a bad practice, I do; many a man is ruined by it as fast as a flounder—wherefore I made myself a solemn promise, if God would bless me with money, never to help no human being—and I've been as good as my word." This is a damper, you will say; but not easily discouraged, you proceed to another of your friends, and thus you come to Mr. Smoothface, I am in want of a small sum of money to carry on my business—(which by the way, is improving, and only needs a little of the ready rime, to proceed with advantage,) will you be good enough to favour me with your name on the back of \$300? "My dear sir, I would not hesitate a moment, if it was in my power to serve you—but, sir, I am really, sir—indeed, sir, it







prepared to meet this honor as I ought, my present exhaustion, and the high, rending me incapable of expressing the gratitude I feel for your liberality and kindness. (Three Cheers.) When appearing before you, my generous patrons, I feel a peculiar condition. This is the city of my activity—here, under your cherishing care I first spread my unfledged wings; you were pleased to smile most graciously upon my early inexperience and efforts, and now, when arrived at mature years, to find so many testimonials of your increased esteem, is to me a source of inestimable delight. (Loud cheering.) This shall prompt me to redouble my exertions, and I trust, after some time, through a continuance of your favours, to render myself worthy of them. (Loud and long applause.)

The New-York Bull's Head Theatre progresses with unparalleled rapidity. Mr. Coyle and Signor Ferri, the former celebrated in landscape painting, and the latter as an architect, are active in preparing the scenery. The house will, it is asserted, certainly open on the 15th October ensuing.

Mr. Keen, the vocalist, has returned to New-York, after spending the winter in Montreal and Quebec. It is understood that he is engaged for next winter in the New Theatre at the Bull's Head. As a vocalist he is looked upon as holding a place among the best English performers in this country.

The Park Theatre at New-York, during the week, will undergo repairs and be newly ornamented. The opera is the only amusement continued. The evenings of performance are changed, and also increased, being Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Mr. Keen, has left New-York for Niagara, on a tour of pleasure, accompanied by Mr. Poole and Mr. Lee.

A third tier of boxes and other improvements are to be erected in Chatham Garden Theatre. The company propose visiting Albany and some of the Theatres in the western part of New-York, while the House is repairing.

The La Fayette Theatre opened with a group of melodramatic companies. It has the largest stage, it is said, of any theatre ever heard of, affording ample space for the exhibition of pieces in which horses are introduced.

Mrs. Kelly made her first appearance at the Providence Theatre, on Friday evening of last week, as Letitia Hardy. The next night she was to appear as Beatrice and Rosina.

Mr. Hamblin, after a very successful series of performances at Providence, N. Y. has proceeded on to Rochester, where he will perform several of his principal characters.

The success of Paul Pry at the Haymarket Theatre, is unparalleled in dramatic history. Notwithstanding its run of nearly a year, the London papers inform us, it has not netted one thousand pounds per week clear profit to the proprietor, ever since the commencement of the present season.

A new play, Alfred, from the pen of Mr. Knowles, author of Virginia, and William Tell, has been accepted at Drury Lane Theatre. A new musical romance from Scott's novel, The Talsman, has been brought out at the same theatre, with the title of the Knights of the Cross, or the Hermit's Prophecy. It was successful.

On the 26th Mar, Carl Maria Von Weber took his benefit at the Argyle Rooms, upon which occasion a Mr. Cantat, a French pianist, executed "The Festival of Pines," his best written expressly for this occasion by Rameau. The music, of course, by the piano. It is impossible to withhold the highest praise to this production, containing, as it does, the wild, the pathetic, and the sublime. The solo and harmonized parts were most ably executed by Mad. Charand, M. S. C. C. and Mr. Phillips, and the chorus was very powerfully sustained. Although Miss Paton, Mr. Brannan, and other eminent performers lent their aid on this occasion, there was a very thin attendance, the result being not much more than half-filled.

We regret to hear the very bad state of health which this eminent composer at present labours under. At the conclusion of the performance he threw himself on a sofa, in the last stage of exhaustion.

With the exception of a new opera and tragedy at Drury Lane, there is nothing of dramatic interest in the latest London papers.

**Evening Post.**  
**PHILADELPHIA.**  
SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.  
We have been favoured this week, with an Ode, from "Solon,"—Summers, on "Summer,"—"The Morning Star," "Rocks," "The Sign," "I. D."—The Death of Socrates, "Veignies"—The post and proscript, a poem of considerable length, "Marion," and others which it is not necessary to notice at this time.

An Essay from our correspondent "Peter Single," and several Epigrams and Charades, from "B." "Decius," "Solon," &c. merit attention.

The Solutions to the Conundrums from Decius in our last have been mislaid—he will be benefited by sending another copy of them.

Within the last two months upwards of FIVE HUNDRED new names have been added to our subscription lists. Several gentlemen residing in the neighboring post-towns have voluntarily rendered their services to increase the number, as they inform us many of their neighbors have expressed an inclination to patronize the "Post." We tender them, one and all, our cordial and hearty thanks for their friendly disposition.

**THE HIGHLANDS.**  
Under this title, a novel in two volumes has within the last week, been published in this city—the work being the production, as we understand, of one of our townsmen, will scarcely fail of commanding patronage—when we shall possess ourselves of its contents, we may speak more fully of its merits. Mean time, we trust the reading part of the community will have liberality enough to purchase the work on trial.

Rarely does it occur that a nation in its rapid career of glory, is permitted to regulate its course for half a century, by the wisdom and experience of men, whom providence created for the great purpose of political regeneration generally, and its own independent existence. Amid the conflicts of party feelings or the despondency of national misfortune, our country has enjoyed the high privilege of turning towards the hallowed remnants of the gallant band that staked happiness, life and honour, upon their cast for our good. Though, year after year, we saw that their activity was diminishing, there was a secret pleasure in the consciousness that they remained as passive conductors of our recollections, to those times and scenes when their exertions, directed by their wisdom, were shaping the destinies of our nation—executing plans that were to elevate us into the enjoyment of that freedom and its consequent

greatness which have been, and are now, the increasing admiration of the world.

The events of the 4th of July, 1826, are sufficient to render that day immortal, had it not been the birth day of our nation, as it is, the historian of our country, must appeal to the most direct and positive evidence of his integrity, or his recital of its strange coincidence of time and occurrences, will wear so deeply the tinge of romance as to excite the scepticism of the cool and the philosophical, who possess not the most ready means of corroborating the recital from which they start with incredulity. We must not start, we who believe a providence in all events, "rough how they come," that men who threw aside the consideration of selfish aggrandizements, who put away the blishments of pleasure in their youth—who dedicated themselves from the first dawn of manhood, to their country and the cause of political and religious freedom—whose virtues rendered their lives one scene of solicitude and anxiety for others happiness, we should not wonder that their latter days should be pure, and their death marked by the immediate visitation of Heaven. The success of their early exertions in the cause of truth, showed that "the seal of Providence was surely on them, and they were born for this unshared of wonders."

JOHN ADAMS was born on the 19th Oct. 1735, in that part of Braintree, in the county of Norfolk, Mass. which has, since his birth, been set off into a separate town, or in the language of Pennsylvania, township, and called Quincy, after the late Josiah Quincy, father of the present Mayor of Boston, himself an ardent and efficient labourer in the cause of our country, although cut off in the midst of years and of usefulness.

Mr. Adams commenced very early in youth that course of education, for which even at that distant period, ample provisions were made in New England, and at an early age he entered Harvard College as a student, from which, after receiving his honours, he passed to the study of the law—improving his time as necessities required, in keeping a school in different parts of the state, where the services of a public teacher were required. We have not before us, materials for forming a regular biography of Mr. Adams, nor is it our intention or wish to attempt one. The historian, we hope, is ready to do justice to his virtues, and his greatness. From his school, Mr. Adams entered upon the exercise of his profession, that of law. We do not know what were the fruits of his labours at the bar, doubtless he was successful—in those times even a moderate share of abilities and attention, secured to their possessors, early honours, and great profits, when applied to the business of the law. One circumstance, however, appears to show the progress he had made in the most profitable part of the practice at the bar.

It is not unknown to most of our readers, that to give security, or, at least, under the pretence of security, to the legislature of the colony, the governor of Massachusetts had caused a party of British soldiers to be placed near the State-house in Boston, the building at the head of State street. During the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, a party of Bostonians assembled in that street, with an evident intention of insulting and injuring the soldiers, stationing themselves beyond the reach of their bayonets, they pelted "the Red Coat" with snow balls, mud, brick-bats, and such other missiles as chance or an unhappy forethought placed at their disposal. It was not until warmly assailed, that the soldiers made known their situation to the commanding officers—when it became necessary either to retreat or defend their position, the soldiers fired upon the inhabitants—several were killed and many wounded—the troops were immediately consigned over to the arm of civil law, and John Adams was selected to conduct their defence. Mr. Adams' opinions and feelings in relation to the difficulties between the Colonies and Parent Country, were well known, and had already brought upon him the grave censures of the governmental powers. Yet such was the confidence in his talents and integrity, that, spite of popular clamour, he was entrusted with the lives of his enemies. The balance of justice was rarely maladjusted in Massachusetts. When it was required that justice should kick the beam, it was found necessary to remove the trials beyond the colony. The troops were of course acquitted.

The exigencies of the time rendered it proper that the Whig leaders should avail themselves of every opportunity to strengthen their cause: the death of the citizens was called a murder—the whole scene was celebrated for years afterwards, as the "Boston Massacre"—odes were written to commemorate the event, and orations pronounced to awaken the public mind to vengeance upon the offenders and their instigators. Mr. Adams' exertions, however, were not mistaken; nor do we recollect that, during the silence of party rage which distracted our country in the early part of the present century, that Mr. Adams' defence of the British soldiery as ever urged against his principles or his practice.

The colony of Massachusetts had, earlier than any other, evinced hostility to the oppressive acts of the British Ministry; and the first intimation to the spirit of opposition to intemperance oppression, and received in return a promise of resistance, whenever the threats of the parent government should be executed. About the year 1770, and perhaps a few years previous, *local parties* were common in Boston, at which it was not unusual, we have heard, to introduce cards, although the principles, and at other times, the practice of the visitors were diametrically opposed to their use—over this, it is said, subjects were discussed that would have shocked Hoyle, by numbers and in *lutes* that would have forbidden a thought of *Love or H. had*. In these political car parties, composed of the Adamses, Hancock, Quincy, Otis, Warren, &c. were matured the plans that defeated the views of the British cabinet, and led to the declaration and defence of our independence.

As another proof of Mr. Adams' eminence in his profession, and we ought to have mentioned it before, it is stated that he was very early appointed Chief Justice of the State, an offer of which, however flattering, he declined acceptance. Mr. Adams saw in the state of feelings then manifested by his friends, that the times would soon require the whole exercise of his faculties in a more active and useful situation than upon the bench.

In 1770 he was chosen a member of the colonial legislature, and in 1774 he was appointed to the council, an appointment, however, that received the decided negative of Governor Gage, who started at admitting among his advisers one whose conduct and conversation pointed so directly at resistance to all oppression. Mr. Adams was not, therefore, admitted in the councils of Governor Gage. It was not strange that the friends of Independence should early require the public services of Mr. Adams in the common cause—he who had moulded and formed their plans in private meetings, was the man to give them effect in public deliberations. He was there conspicuous in the Congress of 1776—urging not merely in the sessions of that august body, but among separate committees, the great ends at which they evidently aimed—he was most anxious, it is understood, to give every section of the country a share in the work—that might feel a peculiar interest in its prosecution: he knew that the independence, which he laboured so earnestly to have declared, was to be achieved—and sectional divisions would be fatal to his projects—he therefore stirred up different members of the Congress to various acts, assigning to himself the more arduous task of *advocating* and *arguing*, the passage of motions. The powers of Mr. Adams were felt and acknowledged—his wishes were gratified in the declaration of Independence, and his services were unremitting to secure its achievement.

The pecuniary difficulties of our suffering colonies during the war are known to all. Mr. Adams was sent to Europe to procure the means of supplying them. At every court, where he was authorized to act, he succeeded completely in accomplishing every object for which he was deputed—and finally signed the treaty of Peace, by which our former King acknowledged the independence of his once faithful colonies. Subsequently to that he acted as Minister to Great Britain. After the adoption of the Constitution, Mr. Adams was elected Vice-President, and continued in that office during the administration of Washington, who consulted him upon every public act as carefully as if the Vice-President was his constitutional adviser.

When Washington declined a re-election, Mr. Adams was chosen his successor—during the administration of Mr. Adams, it is known to most of our readers, party spirit gained an ascendancy over the discretion of even wise men, that prudence will ever tremble to contemplate. Mr. Adams, however, felt above its influence, and scorned to offer adherence to those who opposed—and disdaining civility to those who called themselves friends, he was superseded in his office, at a second election, by Mr. Jefferson, with a majority of four votes.

Mr. Adams, however, in retirement was no silent spectator of the occurrences of the times—he noticed events and gave his ideas to the public through the medium of the public press.

He was at one time, about 1802, elected by the dominant party of Massachusetts, a candidate for the office of Governor of the state, but he preferred the quiet of his domestic circle—he, however, was chosen president of the convention which in 1820 formed the new Constitution of his native state—this honour, from bodily infirmities, he declined, and received the expression, from five hundred delegates, of their most exalted sense of his merits and services.

This is but a slight reference to the various public offices which Mr. Adams filled during the course of his public services—his historian will display them in the engaging and instructive light which they ought to occupy—and if he is true to the great trust he assumes, he will not neglect to describe the domestic virtues of Mr. Adams.

After living to see the works of his hands tried by every test that National experience can dictate, after seeing his son elevated to the highest honours that this earth has to bestow—having his own name associated with the happiness of Ten Millions of grateful people—Mr. Adams left this earth, blest, as few men have been, with a consciousness of having fulfilled the highest destinies for which Providence had marked him, and in the pleasing and supporting hope that bright *rewards* were in store for him.

A biographical notice of Mr. JEFFERSON, together with some remarks upon the comparative excellencies of the Second and Third Presidents of our Union, intended for this week, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

**WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.**  
The Rev. Henry B. Bacon, will preach at St. George's Church, North Fourth street, tomorrow morning.

The Spanish fleet, under Com. Labande, which was off Barbadoes on the 14th of June, returned to Havana on the 27th.

The second crop of Corn has been planted in South Carolina from last year's grain.

The amount of duties paid into the State Treasury by the ten vice-mayors of the city of Philadelphia, for the quarter ending on the 31st day of May, exceeds thirty-five thousand dollars.

The floating bath which usually stands every season, in the Delaware opposite Market street, has undergone a thorough repair, and is now open for the reception of visitors.

The commission of the incorporated district of the Northern Liberties have procured the loan of \$100,000 dollars, for which they advertise, to build a market-house in Calhoun street, at an interest of 5 per cent. per annum, with a premium of 3 per cent.

The person charged with having robbed Mr. Hessel, and who lately went up our prison again, and down the fighting post, was recognized and taken in New York, was on Tuesday evening again lodged in

Arch-street prison. He was brought from New York by High Constable M'Lean.

The President of the United States arrived in the city on Monday morning, in the Steamboat from Baltimore, and proceeded at noon, in the Trenton Steamboat, to New-York, on his way to the late residence of his deceased Father.

The dead body of a new born infant was discovered on Monday morning in the burial ground of St. Mary's Church.

A capital prize of \$3000 remained on hand at GIBBS's Lottery office, in the Old and E. en Lottery which drew on Monday last, at Baltimore. Three of the Capital Prizes were sold at COHEN'S.

The steamboat Norfolk, made her second trip to Cape May on Friday last, with 128 passengers. Fifty-two ladies seated themselves at the dinner table, and were waited upon by the gentlemen.

The gable end of a house, being built on Apple street, above Poplar Lane, Northern Liberties, suddenly gave way, on Tuesday afternoon, while the workmen were employed in their labour. Two men were precipitated from the top of the house—one escaped with some injury; the other, Mr. Isaac Herbert, was crushed to death.

The house of Mrs. Foster, No. 75 Spruce street, was entered on Tuesday morning, about 2 o'clock, by some persons, who stole \$30 in money and a quantity of bed and table linen; and while attempting to force open a door, which would have placed the plate within their reach, the villains disturbed the family; finding themselves noticed they made their escape with the money and linen.

The loan of 350,000 dollars to complete the Chesapeake Canal for which subscriptions were opened in this city, was immediately taken at a premium of 3 1/2, 100 per cent.—The offer exceeded the sum required, we understand, by more than \$175,000.

The merchants and traders of Centreville, Maryland, have determined not to receive in exchange for merchandise, notes of any denomination under five dollars.

The following sentiment was given at the late celebration in Boston. The snows of the revolution—they thirled their little all upon the great sea, and gave snowy garments to the foe, in "the times that tried men's souls."

On the summit of Killington Mountain, Vt. which is 3250 ft. above the tide water in Boston harbor—Lake Champlain, Dartmouth College, and a large extent of the valley of the Connecticut can be seen.

Died and was buried, on the 2d May, in the old burial place of the Mohicans, in Norwich, Connecticut, *Faekal Moore*, aged 27, great grand son of the GREAT UNCAS, who was the friend and protector of the whites, in the infancy of the settler.

The horse on which General Packenham rode at the battle of New Orleans, and upon which that unfortunate commander received his death wound, is now owned by an inhabitant of Mcbronn, Conn.

Among the different celebrations of the 4th inst. at Pittsburgh, was the launching of a new steamboat of 200 tons burthen, called the *Justice*, owned by Messrs. Allen, Grant & Co.

Judge Smith is announced in the Charleston papers as a candidate to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. John Galliard, in the Senate of the United States, from the State of South Carolina.

Judith Murchison, of Richmond county, North Carolina, and his wife, to whom he has been married a short time, are now confined in the jail of that county on suspicion of being accessory to the murder of his first wife and child, and the burning of his house, which took place in March last.

A gentleman passing through Broadway, New York last week, saw the American, a colored young woman, one of whom trotted round, when the other watched at and secured his gold rimmed spectacles, and both dived, leaving the unfortunate man in the dark.

About half past 2 o'clock on Tuesday, Capt. Morrison, of the brig Gov. Gridwold, while carrying the Hook, at New York, fell overboard and was drowned, notwithstanding the boat was immediately let down, and every effort made use of to save him.

The Barnstable paper states that the militia law, and always have been directed at at Nantucket—there has never been a training of the island. The population of Nantucket is about 8000, one fifth of whom are Quakers.

Learn from the Cahewba (Alabama) Press of the 17th ult. that the steamboat Cotton Plant, in descending the Alabama with a load of cotton, struck on a snag on the night of the 15th, about ten miles below Vicksburg, and sunk before it—most of her cargo would be lost—This same vessel sunk last autumn near Canton.

Private Sampson David, Esq. of Tennessee, has provided in his will, that all his negroes, 24 in number, which are mostly young, shall be manumitted in the year 1840, or at his wife's death, should that happen sooner, and his made ample provision for their removal to a foreign colony, or to a free state at their option.

The Newark Sentinel says, that it has been suggested that a public town meeting should be called there to take into consideration the state of the married institutions of New Jersey; and if possible, adopt measures to exclude from circulation all species of Bank Bills which are not promptly honored by the Banks and mercantile men in this city.

The "ORIENTAL HARE," a neat volume comprising the principal effusions of the "Boston Bard," is just published by Smith & Parmenter, at Providence, R. I. It contains a likeness of the Bard, taken from a portrait drawn at the age of 24 years. The following article is one of merit with which the work abounds.

**THE WRECK OF LOVE.**  
Love's harp was launched on raptures tide,  
In beauty's sweetest smile;  
And fondled on, in conscious pride,  
She plighted her young way;  
The breeze of love her sunny sails  
All soft and silent swayed;  
O'er dimpled waves, with gentle gales,  
Her bark was borne away.

Jo seized the helm—his wild commands  
The pilot, pleasure gave;  
To harque to steer in fairy lands,  
Where wisdom's foot he gave;  
A doleful glassy surface now  
A thousand treacherous waves,  
While long she sought on the sea,  
At home—she found no waves.

Jo heark'ning the deep deep speed  
The pilot, pleasure gave;  
To harque to steer in fairy lands,  
Where wisdom's foot he gave;  
A doleful glassy surface now  
A thousand treacherous waves,  
While long she sought on the sea,  
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A thousand treacherous waves,  
While long she sought on the sea,  
At home—she found no waves.

The subsequent notice of an entered partner of our fair countrywomen is from a description by M. M. Noah giving an account of his recent journey in the steamboat up the Hudson river to Delhi, N. Y.

"A mid the rustlings of silk, and the glit of ornament, amidst the 'light and shade' of character and equipments, I was struck by contrast, with a quaker girl, who wore a white silk bonnet, displayed a fair complexion, and the radiance of mid blue eyes

a mouth and a forehead which might be considered Grecian, but would pass current as beautiful under any school of architecture, and style of coloring. These quakers are hard-hearted creatures, generally making; they fling their darts with as much indifference, and gaze upon a dying agon with as much stoicism. After all said about styles in dress and beauty, it amounts to the same thing at last. A dashing belle flutters by you, adorned in all the extravagance of fashion, and elegance of taste—her superb ringlets hang in clusters over her polished forehead, her form is symmetry itself, her eyes sparkling, her mouth bewitching—how beautiful, you exclaim; alongside of her sits the Quakeress, her hair tumbled smoothly behind her ears, and parted in front; an innocent simplicity, and bewitching modesty, steals over her person, her dress neat, not ornate at all; how beautiful you exclaim again, it amounts to the same thing—the sum total is the same."

The great prize of \$30,000, and \$10,000, in the Grand State (Old and E. en) Lottery, drawn on Wednesday last, were both sold to the Messrs. J. L. Cohen, Jr. & Brothers. The great bulk of the sale of tickets in this office, we have very frequently had occasion to notice, and our pleasure is the greater now to learn that a portion of the capital of this Lottery have fallen to our favoured city.

JOHN SERGEANT, Esq. at the request of the City Councils, has consented to deliver an oration on the death of THOMAS JEFFERSON and JOHN ADAMS, on the 26th inst. in the Hall of Independence, which place, by a resolve of that body, is to be hung in black for the space of six months, and the members of both Councils are to wear crape on the 1st of May for the same period.

**MARINE INTELLIGENCE.**  
**ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.**  
Behr, Superior, Turner, Kingston, Ja. via Lazzarito, m. s. s.  
Ship North America, Riddle, Rotterdam, via Lazzarito, m. s. s.  
Brig Hero, Glover, New-Orleans, via Lazzarito, m. s. s.  
Brig Handel, Hutchinson, 20 days from Trinidad, m. s. s.  
Brig James Lawrence, Webb, 23 days from Furber, m. s. s.  
Brig Mary, Wheeler, 23 days from Barbadoes, m. s. s.  
Schr. John & William, Stratton, 40 days from Madeira, m. s. s.  
Brig Hercules, Harding, New-Orleans, via Lazzarito, m. s. s.  
Brig Fish, Fisher, 10 days from Boston, m. s. s.  
Vessel, Powers, 6 days from New York, m. s. s.  
Brig S. A. Gull, M'Land, 16 days from St. Johns, (N. B.) m. s. s.  
Brig Rimmer, Knight, 10 days from Portland, m. s. s.  
Brig Vebot, Green, 30 days from Vera Cruz, m. s. s.

**CLEARANCES.**  
Brig Mary, Wisc, Londonbury, Richmond.  
Ship Charles Adams, Henderson, Richmond.  
Brig James Lawrence, Teney, South America.  
Brig John, Howard, Cape Haytien.  
Hunt, Hunter, Rio de Janeiro.  
Schr. Charles, Litch, Kingston, Ja.  
Maryland, Pritchard, Havana.  
Brig Paul, Lincoln, Boston.  
Philadelphia, Archibald, Havana.  
Barque Hamilton, Williams, St. Andrews.

**MARRIED.**  
On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chamber, Mr. WILLIAM LAWSON, to Miss MARY SMITH, all of the N. Liberties.  
On the 10th inst. by Joseph Watson, Esq. Mayor, Mr. JOSEPH ROBERTS, to Miss JANE OLIVER, both of this city.  
On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. JOHN LENFESTY, to Miss MARIA LOUISE FRANK.  
On Sunday evening, the 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abernethy, Mr. ROBERT PAUL, to Miss MARY CARPENTER, both of this city.  
On Thursday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Butler, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HODGINS, to Miss ELIZA CECILIA, only daughter of Joseph Harrison, all of the Northern Liberties.  
On Sunday, the 24th inst. at Franklin, Pa. by George R. Fraley, Esq. Mr. JAMES CROFT, to Miss LAVINIA SATES, both of Bucks county.  
On Thursday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. JAMES BRADY, to Miss JANE HAMILTON, formerly of Nottingham, Montgomery county, Penn.  
On the 12th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Mr. J. H. SMITH, Mr. J. H. SMITH, to Miss CATHARINE, only daughter of John T. T. T. of the former city.

**DIED.**  
On Thursday last, M. MARY DAVIS, wife of Captain Nelson D. Davis, aged 45 years.  
On Thursday evening, Mr. NIEL MAITLAND, a native of Scotland, aged 72 years.  
On Friday evening last, Mrs. JULIA REES, wife of Henry T. Rees.  
On Thursday, Mr. ASAPH HERBERT, Bricklayer, of Northern Liberties, aged 26 years.  
On Monday morning last, suddenly, Mr. THOMAS MAQUART, in the 30th year of his age.  
On Saturday, the 8th inst. Mrs. RACHEL DAVENHOWER, wife of Mr. Charles Davenport, in the 37th year of her age.  
On Thursday, the 11th inst. at Fathom Farm, Bucks county, Pa. after a long illness, Mr. ROBERT PALETHORP, formerly of this city, in the 54th year of his age.  
On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. MARY H. KEECH, wife of John Keech, aged 30 years.  
On Tuesday evening, of a short but painful illness, Mr. JAMES H. HAVLEY, aged 55 years.  
On Monday afternoon last, Mr. PETER J. RICHARD, in the 28th year of his age.  
On Sunday afternoon, the 9th inst. after a protracted and lingering illness, CATHARINE, wife of Joseph Jones, in the 54th year of her age.  
On Thursday evening, Mr. FRANK M'HEON, an old and respectable inhabitant of the District of Southwest K, in the 84th year of his age.  
On the 7th inst. after a protracted illness, Mr. SAMUEL GLASS, in the 47th year of his age.  
On the 10th inst. Mr. SAMUEL BURNSON, a native of Baltimore, aged 21 years.  
On Tuesday morning, after a short, but distressing illness, LEWIS DEFFRACH, Esq. late Justice of the Peace in the Northern Liberties, in the 35th year of his age.  
On Thursday morning last, Mr. ARTHUR H. LEIGHTON, aged 49 years, a native of this city, but in the last twenty years a resident of the Island of St. Thomas.  
On Thursday morning last, Mrs. PRUDENCE WELSH, wife of Mr. John Welsh.  
On Friday morning, the 7th inst. at Sudbury, RIES KEYSER, son of Charles Keyser, aged 25 years.  
On the 26th inst. at New York, Mr. ALONSO WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, eldest son of James Whitehead, Esq. of this city.  
On the 26th inst. at New York, PETER REE, aged 2 years and 6 months.  
On Friday evening, the 7th inst. SARAH W. infant daughter of J. H. Jones, 30 years old.  
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